THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE SABBATH-BREAKERS. *A Tale.*

(Concluded from our last.)

O Muse! who thus hast spread thy wing
Their pastimes and their joys to sing,
How canst thou have the heart t' rehearse
Of all these scenes the sad reverse?
Ah, Caleb, hadst thou wisely done,
And less indulg'd thy love of fun;
Hadst thou to meeting gone with master,
Thou hadst not met with sad disaster:
Or, when the crystal fragments glisten'd,
Hadst thou to Wisdom's warning listen'd,
And backward turn'd; thou hadst not met
With lasting subject for regret.
Alas! the preacher says with reason,
That youth, of folly is the season,
When tempting hopes the heart assail,
And Pleasure, riding on the gale,
Extends her fair inviting hand,
Can simple lads the lure withstand?
All consequential bodings scorning,
Rejecting every friendly warning,
Obedient to the Syren's call,
Like calves just loosen'd from the stall,
Away they bound o'er hill and dale
And joy from every breeze inhale.

But 'tis not prudent in narration
Too much t' indulge anticipation;
Lest, th' event being thus foretold,
The curiosity grow cold.
But chiefly this remark applies
To those who deal in *falsities*,
And have no other end in view
Than just to raise a laugh or two,
Or please that itching of the mind
For novelties of any kind.
For me—I freely own, I claim
A better motive, nobler aim;
And while with those I would not quarrel,
My wish is—strong to point the moral;
And, with my simple tale of truth,
Admonish sabbath-breaking youth,
How many an evil often springs
From not attending little things.

Just at this period of the story,
Our Caleb seem'd in all his glory.
The bank, 'long which his way was borne
His very feet appear'd to scorn.
He seem'd ambitious of the sky,
And only wanted wings to fly.
Alas! as now it waxed dark
He most resembled a *mud*-lark;
For many a trip, and many a trouble,
Proceeded from his *seeing double.*

On one another running rigs,
At length they came near Keyser's bridge;
Where, (so the cred'lous boatmen talk),
A ghost was often seen to walk;
Of which the wond'rous history,
And each attendant mystery;
How, when the boat was 'mid the stream,
'Twould pop the passengers between;
And while it yet was far from shore
Evanish, and be seen no more;
This Dick declar'd—he told them too,
At length how troublesome it grew;
That every boat that came to market
He jump'd aboard of, while 'twas dark yet,
And scar'd the superstitious crew,
Till every lip was turn'd to blue.

But 'tis beneath my Muse to wade
Through all mischievous Dicky said,—
Nor would she in her story weave
What none but simpletons believe,
Did not fidelity demand
A full disclosure at her hand.
For much the moral world were mended
If Superstition's reign were ended,
And Truth alone had power to bind
Her precepts on the human mind.
So trusts the awful pondering sage:
But he who pens th' historic page,
As well as he whose witless lay
Would tell the story of a day,
Whatever wishes may prevail
Should nothing but the fact detail.

Thus Dick pour'd goblins in their ears
Till he so rais'd their ready fears
That, of poor Caleb's bushy hair,
Each filament began to stare,
And Jess, and Jerry too, I ween,
Were not in spirit quite serene;
E'en the narrator, (luckless elf!)
Talk'd till he fairly scar'd himself;
Expecting from each darkling bush
To see a sapless spectre rush.

All this side of a certain sluice
The meadow bank was out of use,
To them well known; but so intent
Were all upon the marvellous bent,
To turn aside they quite forgot
Along the path by Danny's lot,
The grass was high, the weeds were rank,
Hiding the breaches in the bank;
In which the luckless wandering wight
Was often caught in dismal plight,
And had to wade, through thick and thin,
Once more the solid path to win.
With dirt and mire bespatter'd thicker,
Than ever was poor meadow-ditcher;
Ah! what avail'd that, in the morn,
The coat was brush'd, hair comb'd and shorn;
And each in brand-new suit bedight,
And cotton stockings clean and white?
Floundering and tossing in the mud,
With briars scratch'd, and stain'd with blood,
The stimulus of apple-whisky,
No more at hand to make them frisky;
Fatigu'd with walk, and flagg'd and weary,
E'en Dick himself was in quandary.
Before them lay a broad morass,
O'er which no bank was seen to pass;
On this hand glided Cooper's tide;
On that, full ditches, deep and wide,
The meadows from the banks divide.
These must they leap, or backward tread
The breachy bank—the thought was dread;
And long they stood in sad convention,
Each moment adding apprehension.

Now shone the moon with dubious light,
Half hid in cloud—half peerless bright;
The gently-swelling evening breeze,
Sigh'd softly through the neighbouring trees;
And Nature's universal quiet
Contrasted finely with their riot;
When lo! before their maudlin eyes,
A hideous figure seem'd to rise—
Mere creature of creative fear,
It stood on Keyser's centre pier.
With terror wing'd, each trembling wretch
No longer doubts the ditch to stretch,
But leaps across, and onward dashes,
Thro' hassock swamps and 'mong the marshes;
Not minding, 'mid their fright and pother,
To waste a thought on one another.
Poor Caleb! though he made a leap,
And clear'd the ditch, yet could not keep
His poise erect; but backward fell,
With headlong plunge in the canal.
In this condition, left alone,
And all his self-collection gone;
(For drinking, terror, and surprize
His efforts seem'd to paralyze)
His feet, too, in the bushes bound,
He had inevitably drown'd,
But that the frightful, friendly ghost,
When all with him was given for lost,
Rush'd on with Christian readiness,
To save a creature in distress.
The speechless boy he homeward bore,
His house being handy to the shore:
By cordials properly apply'd,
Soon flow'd again life's ebbing tide.
And now, with kind intent, he sought
To know the lad, and wherefore brought
To such a pickle—when, amaz'd,
As on the well-known face he gaz'd,
'Twas prov'd, the kindness he had done,
Was to a sister's only son.
Cleans'd, fed and lodg'd,—at day's first peep,
Caleb was roused from his sleep,
And homeward sent with this impression,
Which may to others be a lesson:
Who dares his proper path to slight,
To left hand turning or to right,
Will find the chase of pleasure tend,
To disappointment in the end.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Friends and people of the United Netherlands.

The dark and gloomy day of the visitation of the hand of the Lord God Almighty is upon you, therefore abide the judgment, and search out that accursed thing amongst you, which provokes the Lord; for God is risen in his terrible displeasure, to lay you utterly waste, unless you repent of the evil of your ways, and humbly calling to mind that former lost estate, *return unto the Lord whom ye have grown too high, too rich, and too proud* for. And count this trial more precious to you than all your stately habitations, great wealth and trade in this changeable world; for it is the mind of the Lord God eternal (and his word to you all, from one of his remnant who hath measured you in the balance of the light and sanctuary of God) that ye should be awakened out of your earthly security, *and know a staining and a withering of all visible empire, trade and treasure*, that so you may all come to know his blessed *seed* and *witness* raised, and quickened in every one of you; to the laying judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, that ye may know a cleansing from the evil of your ways. O! build not upon the justice of your cause, as ye conceive, neither let your expectations be from your navies, horses, chariots, and mighty men of war; nor glory in the wisdom of your counsellors; *but awake, awake you sleepy earthy inhabitants of that land, and let your eye be to the Lord God alone in the lowness of your spirits, and be ye resigned to his allwise disposal:* for I testify from the God that made heaven and earth, *if you make man your refuge, and put your confidence in the stratagems of men, God will confound you forever and give you up as a prey into the hands of your cruellest adversaries.* Neither cry you, we are betrayed, and men have dealt treacherously with us; for God hath suffered these things to come upon you that ye may be humbled thereby, *and weaned from the covetous pursuits of this fading world*, and learn to do justice and love mercy, and to walk humbly with the Lord; which ye can never do, *till you come out of all your empty professions, and mere formalities in religion and worship, and sweep your streets of all lewdness, and your trade and government of oppression, and bow unto God's righteous appearance by his pure light and spirit in every man's heart and conscience*, for in obedience thereunto (which leads into a cross to all the lusts of the flesh) true peace consists. This is Christianity indeed, and *the blood that cleanseth, ransometh and saveth from sin here and wrath to come, is only witnessed in being led and guided in and by that pure light of God, with which he hath enlightened every man that comes into the world.*

This lay upon me in the deep and weighty love and counsel of God, to send amongst you in this hour of your great trial, who about ten months since (being amongst you) and burthened in spirit with your glory, pride, earthly-mindedness, oppression and forgetfulness of God that made and raised you, did then, from a clear sight, warn you of this very day, that is come like a deluge upon you, as such of you who have read my Trumpet and Alarm to the High and Low Dutch nation may call to mind.

I am at peace with all men.

WM. PENN.

14th of 4th Mo. 1672.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Depart, ye scenes, which erst in gay attire,
Impress, of memory's book, the broadest page,
When radiant hope, and fancy's changeful fire,
Illum'd with dazzling ray, my early age:

When blithsome visions caught my youthful eye,
And smiling friendship lur'd my easy heart;
When no deep sorrow rais'd the heaving sigh
Or bid the shining star of joy depart.

Past are those scenes—but, ah! the friends I lov'd
Impress too deep, my faithful mem'ry's page,
Too faithful for my peace, ye oft have prov'd;
Far fled delights, that lur'd my early age.

And yet no shade of guilt begloom'd the hours,
Which heedless youth, to pleasure gay resign'd,
If that is guiltless deem'd which wrests the pow'rs
That heavenly wisdom for its own design'd.

Yes—that is guilt—which turns the heart of man,
From that great source, whence all his blessings flow,
And with rebellious pow'r frustrates the plan
That caus'd in heavenly breasts the grateful glow.

The plan stupendous, which the angelic host,
In strains sublime, to favour'd man reveal'd,
Proclaim'd the boon of peace to nations lost,
And op'd those truths which myst'ry long had seal'd.

It call'd the soul, with spark celestial fraught,
To seek those truths that peace and love design'd,
Should bid it shun the lore by error taught,
Which cheats of happiness the human mind.

Hence sprang the lore by power divine imprest,
That man for peace and happiness was made,
Hence sprang the law, which purifies the breast,
And flow'd that love which lent Almighty aid.

And shall those specious joys be guiltless thought,
Which turn the soul from heaven's divine?
And can those scenes, with innocence be fraught,
That draw the heart from truth and mercy's shrine.

In vain we court the poor applause of man
To screen us from that word which probes the soul,
Its powerful edge, our mental movements scan,
Nor can our art, its potent sway controul.

Oh may my heart, by deep experience learn
To shun those scenes which long my senses bound,
And by the light, which light'neth all, discern
That steadfast base, where happiness is found.

1793. W.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"We shall hear those truths which the multitudes do not tell us."

It is good, my friends, often to withdraw from the world; from the hurry and tumult of its busy scenes, and devote a portion of our time to serious reflection. By these means we shall become acquainted with the delicious sweets of retirement, and, by thus occasionally abstracting ourselves from the world, and "peeping through the loop-holes of retreat" at its vanities and follies, we shall often experience the internal ear to be opened for the reception of "those truths which the multitudes do not tell us." By searching into our hearts we shall discover our own frailties and imperfections, and therefore be better prepared to discharge the duty of forgiveness toward our fellow-creatures.

"Reflection is a mirror fair,
"That shows us truly what we are,
"And what we ought to be."

O ye giddy and vain, instead of consuming your precious time in a routine of dissipating pleasures, let me entreat you for a moment to turn aside from the "haunts of riot," retire in secret, and contemplate your own natures, the follies and vanities of human life, and you will be gradually initiated into the knowledge of yourselves and of the world.—You will rejoice in the revelation of "those truths which the multitudes do not tell you."

If this life afforded no more substantial pleasures than what are to be found in the hurry and bustle of a crowd, or in the vain and licenscious scenes of vice and immorality, how cheerless and comfortless would be the condition of man. He indeed would then be, to use the language of a solemn poet of Great Britain,

—"Lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
"Lost to the noble sallies of the soul."

THE LACONIC PREACHER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

One of these warm days, as I was traversing the streets of this city, and making observations on the varieties that presented to view, I could not but indulge the train of reflections, which as it were mechanically arose from the apparent inequality in the external appearances of my fellow citizens. For the present, however, I shall advert to those only whom I esteem as my superiors, at least in making a creditable appearance: such are examples for the vulgar to look up to, and advantageously imitate. Well, here goes a young man of a very grotesque figure; he is singularly rigged out from stem to stern, even beyond "the tip of the mode:" think I, perhaps this is either Mr. PLUMRUDDING or his fellow apprentice. As I passed him I observed a few drops of sweat upon the visible part of his face, but afterwards turning rather inadvertently to take a view of him, on the other side, I saw he put his hand behind him and took from his coat pocket, a wet handkerchief, with which he wiped off those effects of perspiration. Soon after, I cast my eye upon a few decent looking gentlemen who had put off their coats, and did not appear ashamed of their shirt sleeves, either in their stores or the street. As I had observed many besides the young man before mentioned, in an intolerable sweat, by wearing as many clothes as their strength would admit, think I, these few gentlemen must be philosophers; because, disregarding the commands of that arch tyrant *Custom*, they have decently unshackled themselves from his slavish fetters. I grew confident that they were lovers of wisdom, when I considered that wisdom is always a friend to mankind, and teaches us to have little connection with any thing that makes the corporeal feelings uneasy, or disquiets the mind. But recollecting that I had heard it advanced by one who wore two or three cloth coats in the hottest weather, that he did it to keep out the heat: and he being a learned man, I was put a little to the stand, and, think I, may be reason and philosophy (which I have great respect for) might prove the assertion. That admitted, and what then? Why those who often remark "what warm weather we have," and still clothe themselves as if it were winter, must likewise be philosophers—but then I imagined they must be platonic philosophers; and that sect is unfashionable.—My experience tells me that *flesh feels* as well as *mind thinks*. Circumstances very much alter cases. I admit that an apprentice who has nothing to do but "gallant the girls of afternoons," may dress with the most fantastic inelegance; but men of activity, philosophers and Christians are different characters entirely.—I observe the ladies have generally fashioned their dress upon the scale of mediocrity, and made it convenient for the season. The cheerfulness of their countenances evince the happy result of the experiment, and make them in the words of the poet,

"All lovely, all serene."

Yours with respect,

JACK SAILOR.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

An avenue to future investigation may probably be opened to the eye of "AN INQUISITOR," when his attention is directed to the numerous spiders' webs which are frequently observed floating on the surface of the different kinds of grass; and that these when moistened with the *dew* of the morning, prove injurious to horses. These cobwebs have been remarked by Col. Tatham in "Anderson's Recreations," Vol. I, to be a very probable cause of the disease incident to horses and other animals, known by the name of the *Staggers:* and as the symptoms observed by "AN INQUISITOR" are similar in many respects, it may perhaps be useful to extend his enquiries further into the subject. I refer him to the above work, where a copious detail is given respecting the disease and its remedy, and also to the American edition of the "Domestic Encyclopædia."

N. O.

July 9.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

Your publication of my proposition on water-mills, with the ingenious investigation of that subject by SUBSCRIBER, SPECULATOR and A READER, have afforded me much satisfaction, especially as I find the subject approbated by a number of your subscribers with whom I am acquainted.—If you think well of it, please to communicate to those friends of science, my sincere and hearty thanks.

With the utmost respect,

THE ENQUIRER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Looking over a collection of miscellaneous pieces, which had been transcribed in a neat hand by a young female, I accidentally met with the following remarkable testimony of David Sands, publicly delivered in Philadelphia, at an evening meeting held at High-street, the 18th of the 11th mo. 1792. And as I do not recollect to have seen it in any public print, I beg the favour of offering it to you for insertion in the Fire-side, not doubting but it will be acceptable to many of your readers.

Yours,

F.

It is appointed unto all men once to die, and then come to judgment!—There is something like death imprinted on all your houses, which by the value you set upon them, you have with great pains and expense erected. And the hand writing of the wall is on all your pleasant walks, and your fine gardens, and your beautiful trees, with your lofty buildings and your pleasant streets; and what if these very things which you have taken so much delight in, should in time become some of your graves, and all these things become a ruinous heap, and some of you be buried in the midst of them; for we know that such things have been. And what sins were there committed in Sodom that are not committed here? According to my present prospect, it must be the case here, and that before very long; for like causes may produce like effects; and some of you that have become vessels of wrath and displeasure in the hand of an offended God, may be swallowed up in holes in the earth; part in and part of your bodies out of and above ground, for examples to them that may see it, and this city become a stinking hole, and them that pass by, say, where are all those lofty buildings and those pleasant things? And what if I should say, the child is now born that may live to see these things come to pass, unless there be a turning to him who hath all power in his hand, and can cause the "earth to reel like a drunken man."

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ODE, ON THE ALMIGHTY.

Oh! could I sweep the lyre, like Israel's King,
And with his voice in lofty numbers sing;
No far-fam'd hero should inspire my strain,
Nor fabled Jove the mighty verse sustain:
Thy acts, Jehovah, be my song's high story;
Thy peerless name; and thy unbounded glory.

Sole unbegotten! Independent power!
Years are but moments, ages but an hour
To thee!—Ere Time had started from his goal
Thy essence was: when Time shall cease to roll
His flaming orbs, thy essence, still abiding,
Defies decay; in its own strength confiding.

Vast source of being! at thy potent word
Creation's wonders rose, and hail'd thee, Lord!
The changing Moon, and the all-fostering Sun,
Their functions know, and in their circles run:
Earth her appointed station holds, while ocean,
Aw'd by thy limits, curbs his wild commotion.

Great Being! Majesty supreme! what awe
Surrounds thy throne, and guards thy holy Law!
Thy Law is holy; to the rebel, wo!
Thy Law is good; what peace the dutcous know:
Celestial worlds obey; in bliss abounding:
Then earth, obey; his seat, with odes surrounding.

Father of men! thy love, what measures bound!
Whose goodness overflows the sinning ground:
Thy clouds effuse their alms; the fountains flow;
The fields rejoice; the trees with fruitage glow:
But Man, thy image in his soul sustaining,
Lives on thy bounty, thankless, and complaining.

Where shall the wicked flee? what darkness shade
Guilt, from those eyes whose beams the soul pervade?
Where shall the righteous weep, from thee conceal'd;
Thy ear not hearing, nor thy arm reveal'd?
Mysterious Presence! all thy works exploring;
Knowledge sublime! above all finite soaring.

The Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his cell.

(Concluded.)

When the traveller was again placed in the road of *Happiness*, I saw *Habit* again gliding before him, but reduced to the stature of a dwarf, without strength, and without activity; but when the *Passions* or *Appetites*, which had before seduced him, made their approach, *Habit* would on a sudden start into size, and with unexpected violence push him towards them. The wretch, thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of *Happiness*, to which, after his second deviation from it, he rarely returned. But if, by a timely call upon *Religion*, the force of *Habit* was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties in compliance with the power which she could not overcome; and as she grew again in stature and in strength, cleared away the asperities of the road to *Happiness*.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention, because all who travelled it appeared cheerful and satisfied, and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some who had never deviated but by short excursions, had *Habit* in the middle of their passage, vigorously supporting them, and driving off their *Appetites* and *Passions* which attempted to interrupt their progress.—Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from *Habit*; and that they, whose *Habits* were strong, advanced towards the mists with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence; after which, they were seen only by the eye of *Religion*; and though *Reason* looked after them with the most earnest curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. *Reason*, however, discerned that they were safe, but *Religion* saw that they were happy.

'Now, *Theodore*,' said my protector, 'withdraw thy view from the regions of 'obscurity, and see the fate of those who, 'when they were dismissed by *Education*, would admit no direction but that 'of *Reason*. Survey their wanderings, 'and be wise.'

I looked then upon the road of *Reason*, which was, indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of *Religion*, nor had *Reason* discovered it but by her instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right; and *Pride* had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to *Religion*, whom, after many vain experiments, she found it her highest privilege to follow. *Reason* was however at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented by *Passion*, or her influence overborne by *Appetite*. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist.—When *Passion* seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted opposition: She seemed indeed to contend with more vigour against *Appetite*, but was generally overwearied in the contest; and if either of her opponents had confederated with *Habit*, her authority was wholly at an end. When *Habit* endeavoured to captivate the votaries of *Religion*, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy followers of *Reason*, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those who forsook the directions of *Reason*, some were led aside by the whispers of *Ambition*, which was perpetually pointing to stately palaces, situated on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and *Habit* quickly threw her chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. *Ambition* led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped, were, after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to *Avarice*, and enlisted by her in the service of *Tyranny*, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of *Despair*.

Others were enticed by *Intemperance* to ramble in search of those fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed, that the *Habits* which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to *Reason*, or sooner sunk into the gulphs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, *Reason* looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them loose all regard but for the present moment; neither *Hope* nor *Fear* could enter their retreats; and *Habit* had so absolute a power, that even *Conscience*, if *Religion* had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whose crime it was rather to neglect *Reason* than to disobey her; and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of *Intemperance*, but to the maze of *Indolence*. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in sight of the road of *Reason*, always wishing for her presence, and always resolving to return to-morrow. In these was, most eminently, conspicuous the subtlety of *Habit*, which hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They wandering on from one double of the labyrinth to another, with the chains of *Habit* hanging, secretly,

upon them, 'till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return; and had this aggravation above all others, that they were criminal but not delighted. The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival; but the captives of *Indolence* had neither superiority nor merriment. *Discontent* lowered in their looks, and *Sadness* hovered round their shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, 'till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and nightshade, where the dominion of *Indolence* terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to *Melancholy*: the chains of *Habit* are rivetted forever; and *Melancholy*, having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him at last to the cruelty of *Despair*.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me, 'Remember, *Theodore*, and be wise, and 'let not HABIT' prevail against thee.' I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of *Teneriffe*; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

THE FOUNTAIN TREE.

In the island of Hierro, which produces better grass, herbs and flowers than any other of the Canaries, there are only three fountains of water; which are all small, the largest yielding a stream about the thickness of a man's finger.

On account of the scarcity of water, the sheep, goats and swine there do not drink in the summer, but are taught to dig up the roots of fern, and chew them to quench their thirst. The great cattle are watered at those fountains, and at a place where water distils from the leaves of a tree. Many writers have made mention of this famous tree, some in such a manner as to make it appear miraculous.—This is the only island of all the Canaries which produces this tree.

The author of the history of the discovery and conquest has given us a particular account of it, which we here relate:

The district in which this tree stands is called Tigulahe, near to which, and in the cliff, or steep rocky ascent that surrounds the whole island, is a narrow gulley, which commences at the sea, and continues to the summit of the cliff, where it joins or coincides with a valley, which is terminated by the steep front of a rock. On the top of this rock grows a tree, called in the language of the ancient inhabitants, Garse, Sacred, or Holy Tree, which, for many years, has been preserved sound, entire and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every creature in Hierro; Providence having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. It is situated about a league and an half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called Til. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself; the circumference of the trunk is about twelve spans, the diameter four, and in height from the ground to the top of the highest branch, forty spans: the circumference of all the branches together is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended; the lowest commence about the height of an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles the acorn, and tastes something like the kernel of a pine-apple, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider and more curved; they come forth in a perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. Near to it grows a thorn which fastens on many of its branches, and interweaves with them; and at a small distance from the Garse are some beech trees, bresos, and thorns. On the north side of the trunk are two large tanks, or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square, and sixteen spans in depth. One of these contains water for the drinking of the inhabitants, and the other that which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud, or mist, arises from the sea, which the southerly winds force against the fore-mentioned steep cliff; so that the cloud, having no vent but by the gulley, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extremity of the valley, where it is checked by the front of the rock, which terminates the valley, and then rests upon the thick leaves and wide spreading branches of the tree, from whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees, after a heavy shower of rain. This distillation is not peculiar to the Garse, or Til, for the bresos, which grow near it, likewise drop water; but their leaves being but few, and narrow, the quantity is so trifling, that though the natives save some of it, yet they make little or no account of any but what distils from the Til, which, together with the water of some fountains, and what is saved in the winter season, is sufficient to serve them and their flocks. This tree yields most water in those years when the Levant, or easterly winds, have prevailed; for by these winds only, the clouds, or mists are drawn hither from the sea. A person lives on the spot near which this tree grows, who is appointed by the council to take care of it and its water, and is allowed a house to live in, with a salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district seven pots, or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people of the island.

Whether the tree which yields water at present be the same as that mentioned in the above description, we cannot pretend to determine, but it is probable there has been a succession of them; for Pliny, describing the Fortunate Islands, says, "In the mountains of Ombrion are trees resembling the plant Ferula, from which water may be procured by pressure. What comes from the black kind is bitter, but that which the white yields is sweet and potable."

Trees yielding water are not peculiar to the island of Hierro, for travellers inform us of one of the same kind on the island of St. Thomas in the gulph of Guiney.——In Cockburn's voyages we find the following account of a dropping tree, near the mountains of Vera Paz, in America.

"On the morning of the fourth day we came out on a large plain, where were great numbers of fine deer, and in the middle stood a tree of unusual size, spreading its branches over a vast compass of ground. Curiosity led us up to it: we had perceived, at some distance, the ground about it to be wet, at which we began to be somewhat surprised, as well knowing there had no rain fallen for near six months past, according to the certain course of the season in that latitude; that it was impossible to be occasioned by the fall of dew on the tree, we were convinced by the sun's having power to exhale all moisture of that nature a few minutes after its rising. At last, to our great amazement as well as joy, we saw water dropping, or as it were distilling fast from the end of every leaf of this wonderful (nor had it been amiss if I had

said miraculous) tree; at least it was so with respect to us, who had been labouring four days through extreme heat, without receiving the least moisture, and were now almost expiring for want of it.

"We could not help looking on this as liquor sent from heaven to comfort us under our great extremity. We catched what we could of it in our hands, and drank very plentifully of it, and liked it so well, that we could hardly prevail with ourselves to give over. A matter of this nature could not but excite us to make the strictest observations concerning it, and accordingly we staid under the tree near three hours, and found we could not fathom its body in five times. We observed the soil where it grew to be very stony; and, upon the nicest enquiry we could afterwards make, both of the natives of the country and the Spanish inhabitants, we could not learn there was any such tree known throughout New Spain, nor perhaps all America; but I do not relate this as a prodigy in nature, because I am not philosopher enough to ascribe any natural cause for it; the learned may, perhaps, give substantial reasons in nature, for what appeared to us a great and marvellous secret."

Thus wonderful are the productions of an Almighty hand; and hence we may justly conclude, that a divine protecting Providence is concerned in the preservation of the human race, even in every local situation;

"Not to earth's contracted span
"Thy goodness let me bound,
"Or think thee Lord alone of man,
"When thousand worlds are round."

God is good to all his creatures; and that unbounded goodness is visible in all his works.

[*Farmer's Mag.*]

From the writings of the ever memorable Petrarch.

Petrarch to his friend Settimo, Anno 1358.

The train of my life has been uniform, since the frozen hand of age has extinguished the ardour of youth, and that fatal passion which so long tormented me. But what do I say! It is the dew of heaven that has produced this blessed effect. Do we not every day behold, to the shame of humanity, old men plunged in debauchery? What a horrid and dangerous spectacle for youth! Like a weary traveller, I double my steps as I hasten to the end of my course. I read and write day and night: one is my refreshment after the other, and my labours grow continually. Novelty pushes me on, obstacles increase my ardour. God, who knows my intentions, will assist me if he sees it good for my soul. Labour is certain, success hazardous: I feel this in common with those who follow the same painful course of life. I wish posterity to know, and approve me: if I do not succeed there, I shall be known in my own age, or at least by my friends. Nothing more is necessary. It would be even sufficient to know my character, if it were such as it ought to be; but with this, alas! I cannot flatter myself. Whatever shall be the success of my labours, I pray that God will not abandon me in old age, and above all, at my death. My health is so good, my body so strong, that increase of years, serious occupations, abstinence, nor the strokes of grief, have been able to subdue the stubborn ass, on which I make continual war. As to fortune, I possess that happy medium which is equally distant from both extremes, except in one point, that I am more sought after than I would be, or than suits my repose. I am loved without being known or seen, and that is perhaps the reason of it. I have already passed an Olympiad at Milan, a thing which neither myself nor my friends thought possible; so true it is, we ought never to say, here I will live, or there I will die; for we can be certain of nothing in this world. The kindness I have received at Milan attaches me not only to its inhabitants, but to its houses, lands, air, and even its walls; but to speak of my friends and acquaintance.—I reside in a very retired corner of the city, towards the west. An ancient religious custom draws the people on Sundays to the Church of St. Ambrose, who is my neighbour; the rest of the week this spot is a desert. Behold what this great saint does for his guest: he consoles me by his presence; he gives spiritual succour to my soul, and saves it from disgust. Under the shelter of his wings I see the tempests, and hear the noise of the waves, but they come not near to trouble me. When I go out to pay my duty to my master, or for some other business (which seldom happens) I salute every one on the right side and on the left, by a simple motion of my head, without stopping or speaking to any. My increase of fortune has made no alteration in my diet or sleep, which you know was always slender; on the contrary, I retrench still, and shall soon have nothing more to diminish. I am only in bed while I sleep, except I am sick. It appears to me that sleep so strongly resembles death, and the bed our tomb, that the idea gives me a disgust to any bed, from which I rise the moment I awake, and go into my library. I generally do this in the middle of the night, except when the nights are at the shortest. I grant to nature only what she commands imperiously, and which is not possible to refuse her.

I am always fond of solitude and silence; but when I am with my friends I am disposed to converse a great deal; this happens, perhaps, because I see them seldom; and then I would compensate for the silence of a year by the prate of a day: and when my friends depart, I become dumb again.—Nothing is so fatiguing as to converse with many or with one, whom we do not love, and who is not conversant with the same subjects as ourselves. I resemble those people of whom Seneca speaks, who take life in detail rather than in the gross.—I have taken a house at a league from Milan, to shelter me from the heats, in a fine clear air, where I am still more at liberty than in town. Here my table is abundantly supplied; the peasants are ambitious which shall bring me most fruits, fish, ducks, and all sorts of wild-fowl.

There is in my neighbourhood a fine monastery of the Carthusians, newly founded, where I can enjoy, at all hours of the day, the pure and delightful pleasures of religion. The gates are always open to me; a privilege few people possess: but we should take care not to give trouble to others in seeking our own conveniency. It appears to me that it is here we most frequently fail in delicacy; and it is because we are more occupied with ourselves, than solicitous for our fellow creatures. In this happy retreat I wish for nothing but my old friends. I was rich in many formerly, but death and absence have diminished these possessions, and they are only to be regained in imagination. Your society and that of Socrates, I long flattered myself with obtaining. If you persist in your rigour, I must draw all the consolation from my pious monks. Their conversation is neither bright nor shining, but it is innocent and holy. Their repasts are not inviting, but there is a perfect freedom in their company; and their prayers will be my great consolation, both in life and at death.

Solomon has told us that riches draw

parasites. I have never obtained so much of them as to experience this truth. The little I have, passes through my fingers, and my coffer is rather a passage than a dwelling place for it. I know that it is made to solace the wants, not to nourish the passions of men. In this view it was originally sought from the mines, purified, struck, and stamped. He who expends it properly is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; he who adores it, an idolater: the truly wise man is he who despises it.

You wish to hear news of our young man: I don't know what to say about him; his manners are gentle, and the blossoms of his youth promise fruit; of what sort it will be I cannot yet guess; but I think I can flatter myself he will be an honest man. I know he has understanding; but of what use is understanding if not cultivated by study? He flies from a book as he would from the face of a serpent. If his disposition pleases me, I see with grief that idleness will reduce it to nothing. Prayers, caresses, menaces, and pains, have all been tried by me without success; nature has always surmounted my endeavours. I have nothing however to reproach myself with, and I will be satisfied if, as I hope, he turns out a good man. The glory that letters bestow is, no doubt, desirable; but it is difficult to acquire: it is more easy to live the life of virtue than of fame. We pardon a man if he is not wise, but we never forgive him if he is defective in goodness: and Themistocles said he loved the man much better who was without letters, than letters without the man. Adieu.

Of Lightning, and the Method now used in America of securing buildings and persons from its mischievous effects.

Experiments made in electricity first gave philosophers a suspicion that the matter of lightning was the same with the electric matter. Experiments afterwards made on lightning obtained from the clouds by pointed rods, received into bottles, and subjected to every trial, have since proved this suspicion to be perfectly well founded; and that whatever properties we find in electricity, are also the properties of lightning.

This matter of lightning, or of electricity, is an extreme subtle fluid, penetrating other bodies, and subsisting in them, equally diffused.

When by any operation of art or nature, there happens to be a greater proportion of this fluid in one body than in another, the body which has most, will communicate to that which has least, till the proportion becomes equal; provided the distance between them be not too great; or, if it is too great, till there be proper conductors to convey it from one to the other.

If the communication be through the air without any conductor, a bright light is seen between the bodies, and a sound is heard. In our small experiments we call this light and sound the electric spark and snap; but in the great operations of nature, the light is what we call *lightning*, and the sound (produced at the same time, though generally arriving later at our ears than the light does to our eyes) is, with its echoes, called *thunder*.

If the communication of this fluid is by a conductor, it may be without either light or sound, the subtle fluid passing in the substance of the conductor.

If the conductor be good and of sufficient bigness, the fluid passes through it without hurting it. If otherwise, it is damaged or destroyed.

All metals, and water, are good conductors.—Other bodies may become conductors by having some quantity of water in them, as wood, and other materials used in building, but not having much water in them, they are not good conductors, and therefore are often damaged in the operation.

Glass, wax, silk, wool, hair, feathers, and even wood, perfectly dry, are nonductors: that is, they resist instead of facilitating the passage of this subtle fluid.

When this fluid has an opportunity of passing through two conductors, one good, and sufficient, as of metal, the other not so good, it passes in the best, and will follow it in any direction.

The distance at which a body charged with this fluid will discharge itself suddenly, striking through the air into another body that is not charged, or not so highly charged, is different according to the quantity of the fluid, the dimensions and form of the bodies themselves, and the state of the air between them.—This distance, whatever it happens to be between any two bodies, is called their *striking distance*, as till they come within that distance of each other, no stroke will be made.

The clouds have often more of this fluid in proportion than the earth; in which case as soon as they come near enough (that is, within the striking distance) or meet with a conductor, the fluid quits them and strikes into the earth. A cloud fully charged with this fluid, if so high as to be beyond the striking distance from the earth, passes quietly without making noise or giving light; unless it meets with other clouds that have less.

Tall trees, and lofty buildings, as the towers and spires of churches, become sometimes conductors between the clouds and the earth; but not being good ones, that is, not conveying the fluid freely, they are often damaged.

Buildings that have their roofs covered with lead, or other metal, and spouts of metal continued from the roof into the ground to carry off the water, are never hurt by lightning, as whenever it falls on such a building, it passes in the metals and not in the walls.

When other buildings happen to be within the striking distance from such clouds, the fluid passes in the walls whether of wood, brick, or stone, quitting the walls only when it can find better conductors near them, as metal rods, bolts, and hinges of windows or doors, gilding on wainscot, or frames of pictures; the silvering on the backs of looking-glasses; the wires for bells; and the bodies of animals, as containing watery fluids. And in passing through the house it follows the direction of these conductors, taking as many in its way as can assist it in its passage, whether in a straight or crooked line, leaping from one to the other, if not far distant from each other, only rending the wall in the spaces where these partial good conductors are too distant from each other.

An iron rod being placed on the outside of a building from the highest part continued down into the moist earth, in any direction straight or crooked, following the form of the roof or other parts of the building, will receive the lightning at its upper end, attracting it so as to prevent its striking any other part; and, affording it a good conveyance into the earth, will prevent its damaging any part of the building.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.—A report was current, that a revolt had taken place in Sweden, under the influence of France. It was even said, that the person of the King had been put under confinement.

Prussia and Sweden appeared to have had a serious misunderstanding; but the particu-

lar points of the controversy are not mentioned.

Bonaparte, when in Italy, repaired to the celebrated plains of Marengo, where he inspected 30,000 troops assembled there. He was on horse-back from ten in the morning, until seven in the evening, and tired no less than seven horses in the course of the day.

A numerous army, it was said, was soon to be ordered by the war office, to assemble at Bayonne.

The Dey of Algiers, has been attacked in the vicinity of the city, by four armed Turks. He was fired upon twice, and received ten wounds from their sabres, by which he lost two fingers of his left hand. This attempt to murder the Dey, is ascribed to the dearness of all sorts of provision, and which he had neglected to remedy.

The Brest fleet remained quiet in their roads.

The Ferrol fleet, of 12 sail, had attempted to put to sea; but Sir Robert Calder, who had but 6 sail, by making signals, induced the Ferrol fleet to put back, presuming Sir Robert had another fleet in company.

According to some accounts, the government of Algiers is on the point of declaring war against Spain. The Spanish consul has already been sent into confinement.

Jerome Bonaparte is said to have left Madrid, under the assumed name of Mr. Albert, merchant, of New-York, on his way to France. Orders had been given the prefects of Bayonne and Perpignan to detain him, if he entered their departments, until the pleasure of his brother's government should be known. The Lady of Jerome, had arrived in England, from the Texel, on her return to Baltimore, and was at London. After her *accouchement* she will return again to this country. On her arrival in England, and since, she has received the utmost attention from the politeness of the inhabitants.

GIBRALTAR.—General Fox is extremely assiduous in adopting every measure for preventing the appearance of the late horrible pestilence here again.

All the bedding that had been used by the troops was this day thrown into the sea, and two clean blankets issued to each man in the room of it, but no other bedding is to be given to the troops till the summer has passed without the fever appearing again.

A few days ago the house of an inhabitant, who had neglected to whitewash and purify it, agreeably to the late proclamation, was surrounded by a party of the troops, and burnt to the ground, as an example to others.

By every account from Spain, and the different ports in the Mediterranean, it has been very clearly ascertained, that the same disease which appeared at Malaga was communicated to the following places on the coast of Spain and the Mediterranean: Cadiz, St. Mary's, Algesiras, Velez, Malaga, Province of Grenada, Alicant, Carthagena, Leghorn and Ragusa in the Gulph of Venice, all the intermediate towns and country totally escaping; a strong proof that it could not proceed from any general state of the atmosphere. It was also carried to the Spanish fort of Alhucema, opposite Malaga, on the coast of Africa, where it destroyed most of the garrison, and the convicts who are kept there. From Malaga it spread inland to Antequera, 15 miles distant, where half the inhabitants perished by it, and it even spread to the city of Grenada, sixty miles N. E. from Malaga; so late in the season, however, that only between two and three thousand died of it.

The disease broke out at Algesiras, a town five miles from this, on the opposite side of the Bay, about a month after it began here, where, however, it was soon put a stop to by the activity of the Spanish General cutting off all communications with the infected houses, not above one hundred dying of the disease, though it is a larger town than Gibraltar.

The fever never made its appearance at St. Roque, or at the Spanish lines, only a mile from the garrison, and it was universally reckoned to have been the healthiest season ever known in all the neighbouring country.

The French fleet, says the last report, has left the West Indies, shaping its course towards Europe; and the Spanish for Havanna or Europe. Captain Rowan, on his return from Canton, fell in with the Toulon fleet of 11 sail of the line, then more than ten degrees to the northward of the northernmost West India Island, and steering from them towards Europe.

This intelligence is important to the citizens of the United States—particularly from the interesting consideration that our sea ports are less likely to be afflicted with the dreadful scourge of yellow fever, the danger from which would have been greatly increased by military operations in the West Indies.

DOMESTIC.—A letter from a gentleman of respectability, at Buffaloe creek, dated the 20th ult. contains the following distressing intelligence:

"By the schooner Charlotte, Capt. Nihen, who arrived at Fort Erie yesterday, we are informed that the whole town of Detroit is totally consumed by fire, not a single house in the town left standing!

"The fire, it is said, first made its appearance in a stable near the centre of the town, about nine o'clock in the morning. There was an engine in the place, but so out of order, that after many attempts to work it, it was put aside as useless, and the people could only be the passive spectators of the progressive ruin, which was so rapid, that at twelve o'clock not one house remained. The Citadel, which was rather detached, and in which were the barracks, officers' quarters, and contractors' stores, was entirely consumed."

Note.—Detroit is the seat of government of the Michegan Territory, and contained upwards of 300 houses, built of wood, in a compact manner, and above 2000 inhabitants.

The society in this city for distressed masters of ships for the past year, received 3,466 dollars, and distributed of it in charity, 1,904 dollars.—The capital stock of the society exceeded 15,000 dollars.

The Salem Female Charitable Society, at their annual meeting, collected 146 dolls. 66 cents, for the benefit of the Institution.

The Season.—which began in so promising a mannner, it is feared, will not be so generally favourable as was presumed:—vegetation, in Massachusetts, is suffering for the want of showers—there having been scarcely a sprinkling of rain in this quarter for nearly *five* weeks past.

In South Carolina, the present season promises abundance of cotton and rice; and provisions will also be plenty.

Interments in the different burial grounds in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 28th ult. to the 5th inst. Adults 13—Children 25—Total 38.

Deaths in the city of New-York, during one week, ending the 5th inst. Adults 19—Children 17—Total 36.

In Baltimore ending the 7th inst. Adults 9—Children 17—Total 26.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ABRAHAM has chosen a noble subject—to which his present application does not appear to us quite suitable—on less exalted themes he might succeed.

The humour of PRODIGAL COCKUP does not quite come up to the standard of insertion.

No one will deny that *Molasses* is a sweet theme: and we freely allow that H. has given in his verse some thoughts worth preserving, and some turns of expression that should not be lost. But there are too many faults, both in the manner and matter, to justify its admission, until corrected and improved.

An insufficiency of merit obliges us to withhold from publication the *Comments* of COMMENTUS. In thus deciding, we have an eye towards the Golden Rule, which he has quoted for his text.

T.'s Essay on *Almanacks*, from the many excellent observations it contains, is considered as an estimable communication, and shall receive due attention next week.

A READER'S Receipt,

A POOR SCHOLAR'S Queries,

And CHARITY'S Narrative, are designed for our next.

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